

we'd put the rope around
his neck.

"this time we're gonna do
it, Harold, we're tired of
fucking around with you.
this time we're really going
to hang you!"

"oh, no! please!"

he would cry silently, the
tears rolling down his stupid
freckles.

"stop your damned blubbering!
now, before you die either you
got to drink piss or eat shit!
now which do you want?"

Harold would just keep crying.

"which do you want? answer or
we'll hang you now!"

"piss," he would always say.

then we'd piss on him, all over
him and his clothing, while
laughing.

when his family moved out of
the neighborhood we set fire to
Mrs. Gorman's chicken coop.

PUZZLE?

I was driving on the freeway
listening to the radio
when the newscaster told me
of a car that ran through
a railing
and into a body of water
and the occupant
drowned.

then there was a taped
conversation with a police
official:

"I don't really get
this one. I don't see how
she could have driven through
that railing. the visibility
was good. the windows were
up so this probably indicates
that she was alone. this one
really puzzles me"

I didn't understand what he
meant by the "windows" --
probably some conclusive method
of police detection.

anyhow
I have a favorite place
picked out
down near Del Mar.
the railing is thin and
there's an 80-foot drop
straight down a cliff
and
into the ocean.
I may never use it
but it's nice to know
that it's there.

(I intend to have a 5th
of whiskey at my lips,
the radio on to classical
music
and I will go through
that railing
fast
leaping the car
high up
over the water)

the radio informed me that
the driver was
in her early twenties --
name being withheld until
notification of
kin.

I switched to the next
station where a man
sang, "I even told the
golden daffodils that
at last
my heart's an
open book"

the traffic was bad
too.